

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY,**  
at Three o'clock. The programme will include:—Overture, *The Sapphire Necklace* (Sullivan); Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, No. 2, in F minor (Chopin); Symphony, No. 7, in A (Beethoven); Ballet Music from *Don Carlos* (Verdi), first time of performance in England. Vocalists—Madame Sophie Löwe; Signor Poli. Pianoforte—Miss Marie Krebs. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANN. Numbered Stalls, for a Single Concert, in Area or Gallery, Half-a-Crown; Unnumbered Seats, in Area or Gallery, One Shilling (all exclusive of admission to the Palace). Admission to Concert-room, for non-Stallholders, Sixpence.

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On Wednesday and Friday Evenings the part of Mrs Ford was undertaken by Miss Carina Clelland. She acted well, and her execution of florid passages was specially commendable.—*The Observer*, Feb. 17, 1878.

"The part of Mrs Ford was undertaken by Miss Gaylord on Monday evening, but it has since been assumed no less successfully by Miss Carina Clelland.—*Sunday Times*, Feb. 17, 1878.

"Miss Carina Clelland made a very favourable impression on her audience, particularly by her bright singing of the recitative in the first act. 'Soon he'll be here,' and also in the beautiful passage, 'The hopes of life's bright morning.' The singer possesses many good qualities, and amongst them the power of distinctly articulating her words—a most valuable one in a singer of English opera.—*Saturday Review*, Feb. 23, 1878.

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**MADAME MARIE KREBS' TWO PIANOFORTE RECITALS**, on WEDNESDAY Afternoons, March 13 and 27, in ST JAMES'S HALL. To commence each day at Three o'clock. Programme of the First Recital, on WEDNESDAY Afternoon next, March 13: Prelude and Fugue in C major (J. S. Bach); Gavotte et Six Variations (Rameau); Sonata in C major, Op. 53, dedicated to Count Waldstein (Beethoven); Three Musical Sketches, "The Lake, the Millstream, and the Fountain" (Bennett); Nocturne, Valse, Impromptu, and Ballade, in F minor (Chopin); Barcarolle and Caprice (Rubinstein); Study, in B flat, No. 2, and Study, in F major, No. 10 (Krebs); Chant sans Paroles and Scherzo (Tschaikowsky); Etude de Concert (Schlesser); Rhapsodie Hongroise (Liszt). Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be obtained at Chappell & Co.'s, 30, New Bond Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co.'s, 84, New Bond Street; all the principal Music-sellers and Libraries; and Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

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WEDNESDAY NEXT.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.**  
The second part of the programme will consist of Bishop's and Dibdin's Songs on Wednesday next. Artists—Mrs Osgood, Miss Davies, Miss Orridge, Madame Antoinette Sterling, and Madame Arabella Goddard; Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Santley and Mr Maybrick. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred Walker. Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d. Tickets, 4s., 3s., 2s., 1s. Tickets of Austin, St James's Hall; th usual agents; and of BOOSEY & CO., 296, Regent Street.

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## Parsifal.

KLINGSOR.—Ha!—Er ist schön, der Knabe!  
KUNDREY.—Oh!—Oh!—Wehe mir!

(Concluded from page 150.)

Honoured brothers in belief, *Parsifal* is a mystery dripping with the oil of Catholic faith in miracles. Its purport is overpoweringly religiously-immoral. (Oh, oh!) Please understand me aright. I say religiously-immoral, because the Master had necessarily to oppose to the first act a second; to Gothic Spain, Arabian Spain; to the Grail, Klingsor's magic mirror; to Christianity, Paganism; and to longing religion, religious longing. All this we find done in the second act, which passes in the enchanted castle and in the enchanted garden of the necromancer, Klingsor. This is the real scene of *Parsifal*'s heroic deeds, which, however, are of a purely negative nature. *Parsifal*, you must know, has to prove his coyness in a warm passage of arms with a remarkable female, the Kundry already named. If he conquers, he is to be the Graal-King. It may easily be supposed, however, that his task will not be easy. In this particular we may rely upon the Master. In the first place, a whole hell of wildly-yearning and appropriately-undressed maidens are let loose on the poor Stupid, who, however, while beholding the "beautiful Devildom," preserves a model coldness. The maidens endeavour to fascinate him, and dispute who shall have him: "Leave the boy alone! he belongs to me!—No!—No!—To me!—To me!—Come, fair boy, let me bloom for thee! My amorous efforting is meant for your ecstatic recreation!—Take me to thy breast!—Let me kiss thy mouth!—No! me! I am the loveliest!—No, I! I am more sweetly fragrant! . . . . Are you a coward with women? . . . . Wilt not trust me? . . . . Give place! See, he wants me!—No, me!—Me rather!—No, me!—Let him be ours!—No, ours!—No, mine!—And mine!—Here! Here!" All this is tolerably mild; nay, it often seems as though a genuinely poetic fragrance breathed on us from out the lovely floral throng. But this is not the worst ordeal to which our hero's virtue is subjected. In the midst of the amorous chase Kundry's voice is heard, and the fair phantoms vanish. Poor *Parsifal*! you have now to combat with and overcome "of most fearful impulses the hellish pressure." For thy purity there is nothing more dangerous than Kundry's beauty. That extraordinary virgin merits nearer consideration. We met her in the first act, where, wonderfully hideous—staring black eyes are expressly specified—she figured as a messengeress of the Grail, that is, she was in the service of the Most Holy; while in the second act she appears, wonderfully beautiful—slightly-veiling garments are expressly specified—as the maid of the Arabian sorcerer, Klingsor, that is to say, she is in the service of the Most Unholy. Kundry the *sorcière* and Kundry the beautiful, both of whom are known to you from Wolfram's *Parcival*, seem here to be combined in one person; and from this combination there has sprung a peculiarly duplicate being, creating Good and Evil, suspended in fear between Christianity and Paganism, an angel with a devil's face, a devil with an angel's form, something in the style of a female Faust, or Faust and Mephistopheles combined, or—Heaven knows what, for it is really difficult, gentlemen, to solve this riddle by one's own unaided skill. We must wait till the key is sent us from Bayreuth. An unspeakably profound meaning strikes me as lying in the circumstance that Kundry suffers from what seems an incurable affliction of convulsive laughter. "I saw—Him—Him—and—laughed . . ." she says to the Pure Fool, to whom she laments that, since she gazed laughingly on Him (the Redeemer, as it would appear) she has been condemned to everlasting laughter. "There I laugh—laugh—and cannot weep; only scream, rave, bluster, rage, in the continually-renewed night of madness." It is to be hoped that the explanation of these significant fits of laughter also will be shortly despatched to us from Bayreuth. Ought Kundry to be regarded as the incarnation of the Wagnerian world-view, of Schopenhauerish pessimism? Or does the laughter symbolize the Master's opinion of the attacks of his enemies, or even the behaviour of his worshippers? Kundry, by the way, is called likewise the *Nameless* "prime-deviles, rose of hell!" Enough: it is certain that profound meaning slumbers in this extraordinary and obscure double being. That it should awake and be plain to us, necessitates its receiving from above a call to

do so. May the Master very soon delight us by uttering that call!

Kundry laughs, my respected friends now present, she laughs—laughs—laughs—and this laughter of hers strikes me as of the highest significance, not only in an artistically philosophical, but also in a musically dramatic sense. Laughter is a natural sound, gentlemen, and this laughter, this natural sound, is really Kundry's usual speech; she despises words formed of letters, and sentences built up of words; at least she is mostly contented with abrupt words, emitted with difficulty, words scarcely worth more than simple natural sounds, as, for instance, in the first act, when, while *asleep*, she floats off from the Graalsburg to Klingsor's enchanted castle, and *slumbers* over (a favourite motive with Wagner) from Christianity to Paganism: "Sleep, sleep—I must!" or, in the second act, when to Klingsor's vain boasting that his castle is a much more agreeable habitation than the Graalsburg, she replies, roughly and disjointedly, "Ah!—ah! Deep night! Madness! Oh!—Rage!—Oh! Sorrow!—Sleep! Sleep—Deep sleep!—Death!" But, as I have already said, Kundry's favourite idiom is the natural sound, the Inarticulated, and it strikes me as extraordinarily instructive to peruse here the carefully prescribed directions of the Master, and measure by them the demands he makes upon the representative of Kundry. In the first act, a rough voice, a simple laugh, a dull scream, and a violent trembling suffice. The last, namely: the violent trembling, is a gradation to be particularly observed, and neither more nor less than characteristic of *Parsifal*, where it is peculiar, and, so to say, endemic to all the personages; the phenomenon generally commences with a long "Torpidity" which gradually passes into a state of intense "Agitation," and, lastly, degenerates into the said "violent trembling," just as though behind every personage there were stationed a keeper, charged, at given moments, to "seize" the patient and shake him till all his limbs writhed and twisted with the sacred *tremor*.

In the second act, the demands made upon the representative of Kundry increase after a wonderful fashion. The simple laugh and the dull scream are no longer enough. At the very commencement of the act, Kundry utters a fearful scream; she has next to indulge in "plaintive howling" of the greatest violence, graduating down to an anxious whine; then she has to laugh again either "shrilly" or "with a weird expression," and, lastly, "to fall into a more and more ecstatic laugh, finally changing into a spasmodic cry of woe." Fancy this convulsive figure, these hysterics in human shape, struggling to overcome *Parsifal*'s virtue. At this conjuncture, she commands, it is true, some connected words, but what words! Words of unspeakable "shame-lustful," sensual heat, as suggested by orgiastic madness, and expressed in the infernal intoxication of sin. What is otherwise feeling is here caricatured into concupiscent desire, and what is otherwise passion, to convulsions. Poor Percival does not know whether he is on his head or his heels. "Oh!—Torment of love!—How everything shudders, vibrates, and quivers in sinful yearning!" But the Devil cannot master him; he merely passes, as it were, the hot tips of his fingers over the youth's skin, awakening simultaneously with evil desire the "horribly slight" recollection of the holy vessel, the Redeemer, the Saviour, God: "the ecstasy of redemption, divinely mild, permentes far and wide all souls." What did I say, gentlemen? (Common Sense shakes the speaker violently. Agitation among the audience.) I characterized the mystery as religiously-immoral. Well, you see that the "ecstasy of redemption" and "the most fearful movement of hell-like impulse" here meet in the same shudder. But, gentlemen, the mingling of religion and lewdness is not enough! This—master absolutely dares to defile a feeling sacred even to brute-beasts, dares to talk of maternal love and carnal love in one and the same breath; dares to confound the endearments of a mother with the caresses of a—harlot. Ah! This Wagner is indeed a bold and daring man! (Great applause and great hissing.) Do you deny what I say, gentlemen? Just listen how Kundry reminds the hero *Parsifal* of the love of his father Gamuret for his mother Herzleid: "Learn to know the love which encircled Gamuret when Herzleid, burning with love, scorchingly inundated him. . . . She offers you to-day as the last greeting of her maternal blessing the first—kiss of love." It is true that anyone whose fancy has revelled in the spasmodic dual song of *Tristan* and *Isolde* and the incestuous scenes of *Die Walküre*—(Increasing

tumult). . . . Oh, gentlemen, your uproar will not hinder me from frankly speaking my mind—I am tired of constraint, and rejoice that my understanding is once more free—it is scandalous, I say, it is infamous, and it is shameful in us to wish to accustom our wives, sisters, and daughters to contemplate such filthy pictures without blushing crimson—nay, to regard them as the expression of the noblest poetry, while we take care anxiously to protect them from any book written with more than usual freedom and despising the rules of drawing-room decorum. But no; you are right; *Parsifal* is indeed extremely moral; the hero's virtue withstands the pressure put upon it, and his purity is saved. You will, however, grant me that, on the modern stage, the danger at which virtue and purity have to tremble has never had so glaring a light cast upon it, and that never was so libidinous a game played with chastity. (Immense and increasing tumult.) Shout, rave, bawl, just as you like, gentlemen! The most you will do will be to hinder me from telling you any more about the story of *Parsifal*, and that is a matter of little consequence. Whether you now know that Kundry, repelled by Parsifal, "in wild raving beats her breast terribly," and calls the sorcerer to her aid; that Klingsor hurls at the youth the spear he has purloined, but that the spear, without hurting the youth, flies into his hand, and is moved in the air by him "with a gesture of the highest ecstasy as he traces the shape of the Cross," whereupon the enchanted castle with all its splendour sinks into the earth; that, in the third act, Parsifal returns to the Grail, heals Amfortas's wound with the wond-wonderful spear, becomes himself King of the Grail, and discharges the duties belonging to the guardianship of the sacred object; that, as in the first act, bells are pealed, trombones played, and the voices of invisible boys mingle with the voices of invisible youths behind the scenes, while on the stage light and twilight alternate, the Grail glows purple, a glorious halo spreads over everything and everybody, the dead one (Titirel) awakes, the one condemned to live (Kundry) at length expires; that the whole mystery dies away in the strains, so low as to be scarcely audible: "Wonder of the highest salvation; Redemption to the Redeemer!" —Whether you know, or do not know, all this, gentlemen, must be a subject of indifference to you and to myself. You are not here to judge reasonably, but to admire senselessly. (Cries of "Turn him out! turn him out!") To me, however, I say, it seems a most marvellous thing that a writer for the stage and operatic composer ("Turn him out! treason! turn him out!"), after daring to lay hands on Wolfram's *Parsifal*, could derive from that joyously-emotional poem, full of healthy love of life and beautiful actuality, nothing better for the stage than precisely the undramatic element in it—its symbolism and mysticism. It strikes me as a more marvellous fact that a fervently Catholocising work, such as Richard Wagner's *Parsifal*, should be written in our time in the native land of Luther and of Beethoven, in the Germany which battles for culture (All rise from their seats, and endeavour to cry down the speaker). . . . In a word, gentlemen, Art of the Nameless, Theory of the Invisible, Philosophy of the Unclear, Aesthetics of the Inarticulate—wherever you take your lord and master, you grasp a negation; his whole being (the noise grows more and more fearful; the speaker can no longer make himself heard above it; only isolated words are audible from time to time) . . . a bloated Nothing . . . Bibil . . . Bibil . . . (The speaker is pulled down by some young men from the tribune, and turned out of the room amid indescribable tumult.)

CHORUS OF BELIEVERS:—He is condemned!  
COMMON SENSE:—He is saved!

—

(E. B.)

#### A LETTER FROM BAYREUTH.

We (the Managing Committee of the Bayreuth Musical Festivals) formally declare by this letter, and in order to avoid all misunderstanding, that whoever at once joins our Association, that is to say: whoever between now and the date of the performance of Wagner's *Parsifal*, in the summer of 1878, shall have thrice paid his annual contribution of 15 marks, shall have the privilege of attending *gratis* the first performance of the above opera. On the other hand, we reserve the right of establishing less favourable conditions for persons entering the Association after the 18th February, 1878. It is desirable that we should obtain more con-

siderable voluntary gifts (over and above the contribution of 15 marks), whether coming from re-unions, from the product of enterprises got up for the benefit of the work (such as concerts, for instance), or forwarded by private individuals, for whom, in consequence, places will be reserved for the performance of *Parsifal*. Should these personal gifts attain a minimum of 50 marks, they might occasionally bring with them the right of witnessing the other performances of *Parsifal* in 1878.

We take advantage of this opportunity to inform our correspondents who have not yet forwarded their contributions to do so at once, so that they may reach Bayreuth by the 20th February at latest. Otherwise we shall consider such correspondents as having seceded, and shall discontinue sending them our paper. (The persons belonging to the Association will, in addition to the advantages above enumerated, receive the *Bayreuth Blätter gratis*.) We beg the Committees to hasten the transmission of funds.

THE MANAGING COMMITTEE.

Bayreuth, 20th January, 1878.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of the compositions performed at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students on Saturday, March 2:—

Sonata, in C minor, No. 2, organ (Mendelssohn)—Miss Alice Heathcote, pupil of Mr Rose; Prelude and Fugue, in C sharp, No. 3, pianoforte (Bach)—Mr Corke, pupil of Mr Harold Thomas: Duet, "Cantiamo d'amore" (Pinsuti)—accompanist, Mr Hooper—Misses Bateman and Maud Hanshaw, pupils of Mr F. Walker; Sonata (MS.), in E flat, pianoforte (G. W. Wood, student)—Mr Percy Stranders (Balfe Scholar)—pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr Harold Thomas; Romance, in F, violin (Beethoven)—accompanist, Mr Hooper—Mr Ricketts, pupil of Mr H. Weist Hill; Song (MS.), "Bright is the place of thy soul" (Tobias Matthay, student)—accompanist, Mr T. Matthay—Mr Seligmann, pupil of Dr Sullivan and Mr Garcia; Air and Variations, in A, with Finale Fugato, organ (Henry Smart)—Miss Lindsay, pupil of Dr Steggall; Recitation, *Henry VIII.*, Act III., Scene 2 (Shakspeare)—Mr Hutchinson (Cardinal Wolsey) and Mr Greenwood (Cromwell), pupils of Mr Walter Lacy; Duetto, "O la bella immantinente," *Betty* (Donizetti)—accompanist, Mr Hooper—Messrs Sidney Tower and Grantley, pupils of Mr Randegger; Quartettino da Camera, "Già la notte s'avicina" (H. C. Deacon)—accompanist, Mr Hooper—Misses Hardy and Ambler, Messrs Thorpe and Jopp, pupils of Mr F. R. Cox; Adagio and Allegretto, from Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2 (Beethoven)—Miss Elvey, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Song, "Good night, beloved" (Balfe)—accompanist, Mr Corke—Mr Greenwood, pupil of Mr T. A. Wallwork; Duet, Allegro Brillante, Op. 92, posthumous, pianoforte (Mendelssohn)—Misses Mary Powell and Maud Hudson, pupils of Mr Brinley Richards.

LOYAL SOCIETY OF ANCIENT BRITONS.—On Friday, March 1, being St David's Day, the 163rd anniversary festival of the Honourable and Loyal Society of Ancient Britons was celebrated in the evening at Willis's Rooms, about one hundred gentlemen being present. The chair was taken by Sir George Elliot, M.P. The Welsh schools, in behalf of which special contributions are raised in connection with the anniversary, are situated at Ashford, Middlesex. From the report for the past year it appears that since the institution was founded in the year 1737, 2,525 boys and 809 girls have passed through the institution, and of these 94 boys and 46 girls are on the present establishment. The musical performances were under the special direction of Mr Brinley Richards, who kindly lent his aid, and the music was of a national and very interesting character, one feature being the song of "The Men of Wales" (solo by Miss Mary Davies), written last year and set to music by Mr Brinley Richards, in aid of the Tynewydd Miners' Fund. Two native harpers—Gruffydd and his daughter—"Y Fronfrath Fach" were deputed to attend the dinner by Lady Llandover. The vocalists, in addition to Miss Mary Davies, were Miss Lizzie Evans, Mr John Williams, Mr J. Lucas Williams, and a select Welsh choir, conducted by Mr William Davies (Myonyrdd). An ode by Sir F. H. Doyle, adapted to the ancient Welsh melody of "Llawn Oun," by Mr Brinley Richards, was sung by the children of the school. The band of the Royal Artillery played a selection of the music. The amount of the donations announced by the secretary, Mr C. B. Shaw, was upwards of £1,000, including 100 guineas from the Queen, 200 guineas from the Chairman, in addition to a previous donation; 50 guineas from the Earl of Powis, £50 from Lord Tredegar, 50 guineas from Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, M.P., 50 guineas from Lord Penry, 10 guineas from Mr J. C. Parkinson, and the same amount from Mr G. W. Elliot, M.P.

## CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The English version of Herr Ignaz Brüll's opera, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, produced at the Adelphi Theatre on Saturday night before a densely-crowded audience, won as frank a success as can be remembered for years past. There was no mistake about the impression created. The applause from beginning to end was as genuine as it was hearty and frequent, and when the curtain fell at the termination of the first act no doubt could be entertained as to the ultimate result. The popularity enjoyed, not only in Vienna, where *Das Goldene Kreuz* was first produced, at the Imperial Opera House, but in many of the principal towns of Austria and Germany, is easy to understand. We hail in it a return to the good old school, in which horrors are not essential to the story, nor mysteries often unfathomable, to the music. The German mind has been for some years stretched to the utmost by the tests to which both operatic and exclusively instrumental composers have submitted it; and now comes forward a musician with something of another kind, a work deriving its principal and abiding charm from the Pierian spring of melody. That Herr Brüll's melody is always or even often original may not be said. Others before him have drawn from the same spring; and that the Viennese composer, whether consciously or unconsciously we are unable to decide (believing the latter), has derived advantage from their labours is unquestionable. Auber, whose melodies were always fresh, new, and marked with such strong individuality that any hearer might at once exclaim, with perfect self-assertion, "That's Auber," continually rises up before us; and so with others who might be named, including Weber. Not that Herr Brüll is open to the charge of plagiarism. On the contrary; but as we felt bound to say with reference to the excellent pianoforte concerto introduced by him, a week since, at the Crystal Palace, "the themes now and then conjure up reminiscences of themes we have heard before, although unable, perhaps, immediately to identify them." As with the concerto so with the opera. Nevertheless, we wholly agree with one of Herr Brüll's most cordial appreciators, Herr Ferdinand Gumbert, the well-known Berliner critic—"when all the fancy he has swimming about the surface becomes exhausted, he will discover something more independent, and, consequently, more lasting." Meanwhile we must be satisfied to accept him for what he actually is. We had already made acquaintance with him here as a brilliant pianist and a clever writer for the instrument of his predilection, and on Saturday Mr Carl Rosa gave us a further opportunity of recognizing one of the most promising operatic composers of the day. We say "promising," because Herr Brüll, if we are rightly informed, has not yet attained his thirty-first year.

The story of *The Golden Cross* will not take long to narrate. It is one of very many belonging to the period of the straggling home-coming of the remnant of the great French army after Napoleon's disastrous campaign in Russia. The *dramatis personae* comprise Nicolas Pairset, or "Colas," as he is familiarly styled, a mill-owner and innkeeper at the village of Mélun (Mr Snazelle); Theresa, his cousin and affianced bride (Miss Josephine Yorke); Christina, his sister (Miss Julia Gaylord); Gontran de L'Ancre, a young French nobleman (Mr Joseph Maas); and Bombardon, a recruiting sergeant (Mr Aynsley Cook). It is on the appointed wedding day of Nicolas and Theresa that the curtain rises. Their dismay may be imagined on hearing that a recruiting sergeant has just arrived to carry out the dictates of the conscription. That Nicolas should be one of the "elect" is a matter of course, otherwise there would be no story and no opera. The despair of Theresa is touching. It is her wedding day, and her husband is to be taken from her before the ceremony is solemnized. Christina is equally chagrined both on account of her brother and her brother's sorrowful bride; but she is made of more heroic stuff. Among the young men lucky enough not to be drawn for the conscription are several who have professed devotion to Christina and asked her in marriage, though in vain. To these she now appeals, as much in vain as had been their appeals to her with a different object. She vows that the man who will consent to act as substitute for her brother shall be rewarded with her oft-solicited hand and heart; but no one finds courage to accede, even though Christina takes off the golden cross which she wears on her neck as guarantee that he who brings it back is the rightful claimant for her affections. They are all of them too great cowards, and leave her to wish that she could go herself, like Caterina in the *Etoile du Nord*. Nicolas, however, who possesses the heart and the courage of a dozen of each of such men, has made ready to march with his doomed companions, when Bombardon suddenly appears with the welcome news to Theresa that a substitute has volunteered to take his place, demanding from her, as token, the golden cross which, should he return, will identify him and enforce her to fulfil the pledge she has so nobly offered. The substitute is Gontran de L'Ancre, who, having been crossed in love, desires to join the wars,

Christina has never seen him; but Bombardon knows all about the story through an incident upon which it is needless to dwell. While the departing soldiers are singing "Rataplan," Gontran's voice, in a tender strain, heard from a distance, bids farewell to his native land. The wedding festivities are renewed, and the curtain falls upon a scene as animated as that of the *finale* to the second act of *Faust*, terminating with a general waltz, in which the chorus join, scarcely less effective than that almost incomparable one of Gounod, and probably—who can say?—suggested by it. The effect of the entire *finale* is undeniably, and may be said to have decided the success of the opera.

The second act is shorter, and contains much less music than the first. It, nevertheless, carries out the whole consistently. Three years are supposed to have elapsed. We are again at the village of Mélun. In the *intermission* Nicolas himself has been to the wars, and, wounded, brings back with him a certain "Captain," under whom he has immediately served. He is now again happy with his wife Theresa; while Christina, anxious for the return of her brother's voluntary substitute, has been nursing the "Captain," and in the performance of this tender office unwittingly loses her heart. At the same time she is resolved to keep her promise and wed the man who restores to her the golden cross. He comes not, however; but eventually the "Captain," the real Gontran de L'Ancre, as our readers need scarcely be informed, who in a fit of disappointed love had sacrificed himself for her sake, and during the interesting period of his nursing (unlike Sir Launcelot, in similar circumstances, heart-proof against the fair Maid of Astolat) becomes enamoured of his nurse, tells her that he was her champion. Not having in his possession, however, the golden cross, she does not believe him, and, despite the feelings he has inspired within her breast, rejects him as a pretender. From this point the *dénouement* or unknotting of the whole may be easily surmised. Bombardon, the recruiting sergeant, who has watched over the supposed dying moments of Gontran on the field of battle, returns, himself a mutilated soldier, with the cross received from Gontran, whom he believed to be dying. This he delivers to Christina, which absolves her from her vow. Whereupon the "Captain" appears again; Bombardon recognizing him as Gontran, the legitimate owner of the golden cross, embraces him, and, as Mr J. P. Jackson, who has so well put the German libretto into English, pleasantly adds, "all things are righted, every one delighted, loves are freshly plighted, and lovers happily united." Such is the book, taken originally by Mosenthal from a French piece, entitled *La Croix d'Or*, and literally translated for the English stage. We have no intention of entering into minute details about the score of *The Golden Cross*, or of drawing up a catalogue of its various numbers, piece by piece. That would answer no definite purpose with regard to a work so uniformly unpretending. It must be judged, as a whole, to be appreciated at its worth; and, as it is likely that most opera-goers will sooner or later avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing it, it is better to allow the public to decide for themselves. Though all the pieces are by no means of equal merit, not one of them can be pronounced "dull," so fluently, and so strictly in consonance with the personages, situations, and stage business is the whole wrought out. Herr Brüll writes skilfully for voices, whether dealing with solos, chorus, or concerted *ensembles*, of which the well and spiritedly conducted *finale* to the first act affords ample proof. He is also a thorough master of the resources of the orchestra, which are used from first to last as effectively as could be wished.

The performance is in all respects efficient. The unanimous encore awarded to the overture showed that the orchestra was in good form, and this was maintained to the end. Miss Julia Gaylord has added materially to her always increasing repute by her singing and acting as Christina; Miss Josephine Yorke is a lively and sensible Theresa; Mr Joseph Maas, who has been engaged for some years as principal tenor of the Kellogg Operatic Company in the United States, returns to us with both voice and style greatly improved; Mr Snazelle is more than acceptable as Nicolas; and Mr Aynsley Cook is a capital Bombardon—a sort of cross between Belcore in the *Elisir d'Amore* and Sulpizio in the *Figlia del Reggimento*. All these artists have made themselves thoroughly acquainted with the music of the characters assigned to them, and act with more or less intelligence—the palm being deservedly awarded to Miss Gaylord. There is only one scene—the village of Mélun, which in the second act, after the three years' interval, is precisely the same as in the first; but that scene is both appropriate and picturesque. The costumes, from designs by Mr Charles Lyall, are historically accurate; and the *mise-en-scène* leaves nothing to be desired. Mr Rosa conducted the performance with the talent derived from long practised experience. We have stated that the overture was encored, and may here add the more's the pity, since it unnecessarily prolonged the performance. The system of encores

could easily be resisted by a manager with a will for the deed, and such a manager we might reasonably look for in Mr Carl Rosa. Of course, at the end of each act there were calls for the leading singers, the composer, the author of the adaptation (Mr Jackson), and last, not least, for Mr Rosa, who again brought forward Herr Brüll—a custom which, except on special occasions like the present, it would be just as well to ignore as that of "encores." Happily, *The Golden Cross*, compared with many other operas, is refreshingly short, and the audience were enabled to leave in reasonable time—an excellent thing on a Saturday night.

THE STAGE IN 1877.

(From the "Times.")

(Concluded from page 150.)

The management of the Gaiety ventured on a bold experiment when they gave a series of French plays during the summer months. That portion of London best qualified to understand and appreciate the French stage prefers, as a rule, to pass its summer evenings elsewhere than at the theatre, and we fear the enterprise scarcely met with the anticipated success. Other causes, too, perhaps contributed. There has been of late rather a plethora of French acting not of the best order, and as it is the belief of many in England that all good and perfect acting can come only out of France, the holders of this creed have received more than one shock to their faith. It is the old fable of the shepherd boy and his cry of "Wolf" over again, and the Gaiety has very possibly suffered for the sins of its neighbours. There was some good acting shown here, too, though we cannot think the selection of pieces was always a wise one. The engagement of Mdlle Theresa was, for instance, unquestionably a mistake, that is from a public point of view, whatever may have been its result to the management. Nor was MM. Erckmann-Chatrian's *L'Ami Fritz*, though acted by a most efficient company, with M. Febvre himself, the *Fritz* of the *Français*, at their head, a play likely to commend itself as strongly to London as it did to Paris. There was much that was fresh and graceful about it, and there was also much that was neither, though sound and practical enough. But its chief charm in Parisian eyes, as one of the critics of Paris allowed, was the contrast it offered to the pieces of violence and intrigue with which their stage has been deluged—pieces, as perhaps many had the wisdom to see, but few only the courage to confess, which were no true picture of native morals or manners, but rather concessions to the diseased fancies and heated imaginations of a certain school of literature. As such a school, despite some vain endeavours, has as yet no place with us, such a contrast would necessarily lose more than half its point. Had Mdlme Chaumont, too, been induced to present some new variety of entertainment, it would have been better, for her art is much appreciated, as it merits, in London; but the one form of its expression London has seen is now something too well known. Yet with all these drawbacks there was much to be seen in that summer season at the Gaiety that well deserved to be seen, and would probably, under happier conditions of time, have met with fuller recognition. For the rest, the style of entertainment at this theatre has been much what it has been in recent years—farce and burlesque, not, perhaps, of a very intelligent order, but much, as it would seem, to the satisfaction of many people.

A piece of some promise was produced at the Globe in the later days of the summer. This was *Stolen Kisses*, a comedy by Mr Paul Merritt, a writer who had not previously essayed so high a flight. The play was not without its faults, mostly arising from an apparently imperfect knowledge of men and manners—faults, therefore, which time should be able to correct; but in what is known as knowledge of the stage, Mr Merritt has proved himself in advance of many older and more experienced writers. His play would have been the better, too, for better acting, though the company then at the Globe was, on the whole, a tolerably good one. If we except an eccentric production called *Percy*, which appeared none knew whence, and none knew why, was wholly unintelligible, and ought never to have been allowed to find its way on to a public stage, the only other work of any mark at this house was *Cora*, a version by Messrs Wills and Marshall of M. Belot's *L'Article 47*, and this was not of very much mark, being of an undue length, a most portentous gloom, and but very poorly acted.

Among other plays, too, deserving creditable mention is to be ranked Mr Burnand's *Family Ties*, now playing at the Strand Theatre, a lively and entertaining little piece, acted in very good spirit by all the company, and most admirably by M. Marius, than whose presentation of a Frenchman aping the manners, language, and national peculiarities, as by him conceived, of an Englishman,

our stage has at the present moment nothing cleverer to show. At the same theatre, too, was produced early in the summer a version of M. Octave Feuillet's *Montjoye*, called *Mammon*, the work of Mr Grundy—not wanting in indications of promise, and "altered," as the author called it, from the original with some, though immature, skill. Mr Grundy, however, like Mr Merritt, was not fortunate in his actors, though the former was by far the heavier sufferer. An English version of *Les Danishefs*, produced in the first weeks of the year at the St James's, deserves mention as a very creditable attempt at a very difficult task, and also for the very clever acting of those who essayed to follow in the footsteps of the inimitable company who presented the original at the same theatre in the previous year. Mr Byron's *Guinea Gold*, a wild and extravagant melodrama, most indifferently acted, had a longer run at the Princess's than was predicted for it. Two new plays only were produced at Drury Lane—which for a considerable part of the year kept closed doors—and both of these were consigned to swift oblivion. The Adelphi has been occupied with old plays of no moment, and no change, save an occasional change of cast, has been seen at the Vaudeville since the early days of 1875. The Queen's, figuring for a brief space as the National, has been opened once again, but up to the close of the year no great success had waited on the venture. Noisy farce and *opéra bouffe* from the French have formed the staple commodities at the Folly, the Royalty, and the Criterion, the latter house being entitled to the questionable honour of having produced the broadest and most vulgar imitation from the French stage that has ever been seen in an English theatre, acted, however, in a very spirited manner, and probably the most successful piece of the year.

On the whole, the results of the past 12 months tend rather to confirm the popularity than the excellence of the English theatre. The public seems to be imbued with much the same spirit as dictated the Horatian advice to get money, no matter how so long as the money was got. They like theatrical entertainments; that they prefer them good we may venture to suppose, but if they cannot get them good, they will take what they can. This at least is comforting, as tending to the assurance that no manager need shrink from the highest enterprise from fear of lack of patronage, and to the hope that in the struggle to supply the various forms of so comprehensive a taste, there may yet be found something not unworthy to renew the great traditions of the English stage.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

The farewell benefit for Bressant at the Théâtre-Français brought upwards of 32,000 francs.—M. Massenet brings from Italy a new libretto, *Erodiade*, by Sig. Zanardini.—Sig. Arditi recently passed through Paris en route for Vienna.—The Municipal Council of Saint-Germain-en-Laye have re-named the Rue des Monts-Grolets the Rue Félicien-David. In this street is the house in which the composer of *Le Désert* died.—The revival of *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, with Mdlle Bilbaut-Vauchelet as the heroine, has proved attractive at the Opéra-Comique.—Four hundred choral and instrumental associations are entered for the International competition on the 14th, 15th, and 16th June.—The title of M. Offenbach's forthcoming opera is *Maitre Perrinola*, not *Les deux Maris de Manola*.—The first thirty performances of *La Grande Duchesse* produced 132,604 francs; the first thirty of *La Fille de Madame Angot*, 149,456; the first thirty of *Le Petit Duc*, 162,192.—M. Arthur Pougin, the well-known musical critic, has been nominated an *Officier d'Académie*.

THE LATE MR C. C. SPENCER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In a conversation which I had two or three months ago with one of our most eminent musicians *apropos* of glee composers, &c., I happened to speak of Mr C. C. Spencer—author of a work on the "Greek Modes," and famous as an alto singer and composer of glees, two or three of which obtained prizes—when the gentleman in question told me Mr Spencer had been dead six or seven years back. My reply was that I had never seen any notice of his death (although I take a keen interest in such matters), and that I felt alike surprised and grieved to hear of it. Since then, I have looked up several of the musical papers of the time indicated, but hitherto without success. I should indeed feel sorry to think such a man as Charles Child Spencer should be allowed to pass from among us without at least a passing notice, and I will be happy if any of your correspondents can satisfy me that such has been done by *some* journal.—Yours truly,

D. BAPTIE.

[Our columns are open to any one able and willing to furnish the information desired by our correspondent.—ED.]

## BRIGHTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The most important new work introduced at these meetings is undoubtedly *The Deluge*, by Mr F. H. Cowen, performed for the first time on Thursday the 28th ult. Considerable curiosity has been excited concerning the composition of a young man of known and tried talent on a subject so indescribable as the destruction of a world; that paralyzes the loftiest imagination, confounds the mightiest intellect, and consequently utterly defies any imitation by art. But Mr Cowen has not grasped at the unattainable. Though this stupendous event in the world's history is beyond speech or language, there are incidents connected with it which have ever been familiar themes to mankind, upon which the devout mind delights to dwell as manifestations of God's especial mercy. Noah and his ark are subjects that quicken the child's fancy, and throughout life vividly operate upon the thoughts and feelings, according to individual temperament. They form, therefore, proper materials for musical illustration, and Mr Cowen is to be thanked for the representation of the wondrous story he has wrought out by his art. The success of the oratorio at Brighton has increased curiosity, and the favourable notice it has received has whetted the appetite of musicians and amateurs, which only a performance in London will gratify. As the work is not yet published, all knowledge must be suspended of it until that time. It certainly is desirable to the critic to read the score before a first hearing and previous to passing judgment, for to the mightiest to be forewarned is to be forearmed; but there are advantages to the composer in keeping his writings in manuscript until after a public hearing, and it is folly to jeopardize its ultimate value for the sake of profits upon some few hundred copies. But the ways of trade are hard. It may be presumed points in the score will be re-touched before heard in town; afterthoughts are valuable if they spring from an elastic mind and bountiful genius, and not merely hesitations of feeble caprice. Instead of indicating passages capable of improvement by re-consideration, it will be more becoming at present to give a brief outline of the work. After a short introduction by the orchestra, the oratorio opens with a dedicatory choral, "He that formeth the mountains"—thus paying reverence with bended knee to the great God of judgment. The music of this number is light, and the spirit with which it was sung gave prominence to its buoyancy, like a brisk gale propelling a little ark *sans* luggage. After a tenor recitative, the action of the piece commences by a chorus, "They are all gone aside," lamenting over the general wickedness of mankind, which seemed, however, to lack characteristic musical treatment, being almost jubilant in tone and speed. A contralto air, "It repented the Lord that He had made man," follows, and a soprano recitative precedes the entry of Noah upon the scene with the bass air, "I delight to do Thy will," an even and fluent composition. From this point the action quickens, and the composer leaves well-trodden ground for excursions dictated by his own fancy, and the listener finds Mr Cowen has a domain of his own in art. This is first manifested in the soprano recitative of the angel, "Noah! thus saith the Lord," then in the duet for soprano and tenor, "Like as a father pitieth his children," and still further developed in the chorus, "Out of the deep we cry unto Thee;" now graphically broken up again and again by the tenor recitative, "The waters increased and covered the hills;" then changing its penitential tones for those of fierce denunciation against the enemies of the Lord, and culminating in a triumphant burst of the whole choir in unison to the words, "The Lord reigneth for ever. Amen." At this point the audience felt secure of the fact that they were "assisting" in a work, not only of merit, but one replete with power and original design. At this period an unaccompanied trio, "God is a stronghold," is introduced, for soprano, tenor, and bass, which so pleased the audience as to receive an imperative encore. It is artistically written, and placed, no doubt, to give relief to the ear after the elaborate chorus. It will doubtless be in request in concert and drawing-rooms, for it has the true Mendelssohn ring. A contralto air with chorus, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" has a decided character of its own—the choir repeating and echoing the plaintive query of the solo singer with excellent effect, and the orchestra (particularly the wood instruments) heightening, by figures and varied colouring, its beauty and force. A recitative leads up to the soprano's principal air, "The rain is over and gone," a bright and jubilant composition, with fanciful and vigorous orchestration—perhaps a little too loud, except when a very full-toned voice gives it utterance. The fancy of the author had full scope in setting the words, "And the singing of birds is come," of which he fully availed himself by warblings innumerable; in fact, the orchestra, if placed in a wood, could manage to teach our feathered minstrels a few trills. This number also was well received by the audience, who attempted to encore it. From this point the termination of the oratorio sets gradually in. The chorus, "Behold the day," is notable

for a prolonged passage for soprani and alti. A quartet follows, and a bass recitative prepares the way to the final chorus, "Thy sun shall no more go down." The composer was enthusiastically applauded by the gratified listeners, and every musician and amateur present experienced the somewhat unwanted sensation that something new had passed before them, and rejoiced that Mr Cowen's *Deluge* added not to the long list of disappointments.

After the new oratorio, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* was given; the principal singers in the two works being Mrs Osgood, Mdme A. Sterling, Mr W. Shakespeare, and Mr Thurley Beale. On Friday evening, March 1st, Mr Kuhe took his benefit, Mr Sims Reeves singing; and on Saturday morning *The Messiah* concluded the Festival. The soloists were Miss Anna Williams, Mdme A. Sterling, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Hollins, and Mr Lewis Thomas. The interest of the performance centred in the great tenor, who was in excellent health and spirits, and consequently in fine voice. It was curious to watch the effect of his singing on the faces of the audience. He seemed to sway the minds and move the features of his hearers; the pathos of the *Passion* music subduing them by its tenderness and solemnity, and "Thou shalt dash them" animating them by its unrestrained vigour. The choruses were sung by the Festival Choir, who throughout the Festival have done such important work. The society is young, having been formed so recently as last May. Since then they have rehearsed and prepared the seven choral works performed during the last fortnight. Under the trying circumstances, too much praise cannot be given them for their industry. They have certainly been attentive, and profited by the drilling of their choirmaster, Mr Alfred King, who, doubtless, by next year, will lead them to still further excellence, which they will have opportunities of showing in the several works Mr Kuhe intends to perform; for already that enterprising gentleman has announced the Festival for 1879, and engaged the members of his band for that occasion, which will, for the coming year, claim his thoughts and talents of organization.

P. G.

March 2, 1878.

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DUBLIN.

(Correspondence—indirect.)

The *Irish Times* and *Saunders' News-Letter* speak in high terms of the pianoforte playing of Mdlle Dora Schirmacher (from Liverpool), at the last meeting of the Philharmonic Society, in the Ancient Concert Rooms. Mdlle Schirmacher played Schumann's concerto in A minor—a very difficult piece, as all amateurs and musicians know; and each journal bestows unqualified encomium on her performance. They speak in terms of no less approval about the young lady's execution of pieces by Kirchner and Chopin. In fact, Mdlle Schirmacher seems to be making her way rapidly. The same papers also speak in flattering language of the harp-playing of Herr Oberthür, who might have set Sir Dinadan's famous lay on King Mark (see *Mort d'Arthure*) to music, so versatile is his talent. Mdme Behrens also receives honeyed words for her singing of Herr Oberthür's romance, "Je voudrais être" and Signor Schir's "La farfalla," both of which we all know and admire. Among the singers, Mr. Walter Bapty and Miss Zandore are also encouraged, the former for his delivery of Dr. Pepusch's (somewhat musty) "Alexis," in which the *obbligato* violoncello part was played by Herr Elsner, who also contributed a solo. The band was conducted by Mr R. M. Levey, who might have selected something better (less musty) than Kalliwoda's overture, "No. 2"—as if it signified in the matter of Kalliwoda's overtures, any more than of Kalliwoda's symphonies, whether it were No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, or No. 5. The accompanists were Messrs J. Robinson (the thoroughly experienced master) and O'Rourke, who should, and no doubt will, take J. Robinson (another worthy Joseph among many Josephs) as his model.

CAFER O'CORBY.

Castle Crowe.

— — —  
VIENNA.

(Correspondence.)

Anton Rubinstein's *Maccabaei* has been produced at the Imperial Operahouse, the principal characters by Mesdames Reicher-Kindermann, Braga, and Krauss, Herren Walter, Bignio, Rokitansky, Mayerhofer, Alexy, Hablawitz, Schittenhelm, and Lay. The composer was called eight times.—The collection of objects of art left by the late Herr Herbeck have been brought to the hammer. They comprised many pictures, by old and modern masters, with historical curiosities relating to music. The most interesting of all, Haydn's piano, was not put up, having already been sold by Mad. Herbeck, for the insignificant sum of 1,200 florins, to a Viennese gentleman, who presents it to the *Musikverein*.

## Portraits.

No. 13.



A musical score for a soprano voice. The vocal line consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "Not drops of night, but tears of sorrow shed by me". The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line starts on a high note and descends through various intervals.

Not drops of night, but tears of sorrow shed by me

# MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

**TWENTIETH SEASON, 1877-78.**

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

FIFTEENTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 9, 1878.

OTTEI, in E flat, Op. 20, for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, LUDWIG, WIENER, STRAUS, ZERBINI, DAUBERT, and PEZZE	... . . . .	Mendelssohn, Mozart. Mendelssohn.
DUETS, “Ah! perdona” { “I would that my love” }	... . . . .	
	The Midles BADIA.	
BALLADE, in G minor, Op. 23, for pianoforte alone—Herr IGNAZ BRÜLL	... . . . .	Chopin.
SONATA, in A minor, for pianoforte and violin (first time)		
MM. IGNAZ BRÜLL and JOACHIM	... . . . .	Schumann, Mozart.
ARIA, “Deh! vieni non tardar”—Mdlle CARLOTTA BADIA	... . . . .	
CONCERTO, in A minor, for violin, with double quartet accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM, accompanied by MM. L. RIES, LUDWIG, WIENER, ZERBINI, STRAUS, ZERBINI, JUN., DAUBERT, PEZZE, and REYNOLDS	... . . . .	Bach.
Conductor	Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.	

THIRTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 11, 1878.

## PART I

QUINTET, in G minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—	MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERRINI, and PEZZE	Mozart.
DUET, "Che vai pensando"—	Mdlle REDEKER and Herr HENSCHEL	Handel.
PRELUDE and FUGUE, in A minor, for pianoforte alone—	Mdlle MARIE KREBS	Bach.
	PART II.	
QUARTET, in G minor, Op. 4, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—	MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PEZZE	
DUETS, { "Ich bin dein Baum" "Es rauscht das Wasser" "Kein Feuer, keine Kohle"	Mdlle REDEKER and Herr HENSCHEL	Haydn. Schuman. Brahms. Henschel
SONATA, in G major, Op. 30, No. 3, for pianoforte and violin—	Mdlle MARIE KREBS and Herr JOACHIM	Beethoven.
	Conductor	
	Mr ZERRINI.	

## BIRTH

On Sunday, March 3rd, at 42, Gloucester Street, Belgrave Road, ANNIE, the wife of EDWARD C. SCHUBERTH, of a daughter.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. DUBOIS' communication is an advertisement.

E. C. B.—Dr Body, although still in a measure ailing, is better, and thanks "E. C. B." for his unkind inquiries. Dr Body is engaged upon a book on pedigrees which, without permission, he will ungratefully dedicate to "E. C. B." Dr Body is also examining the late Fétia, who, were he still quick, he (Body) would fain vivisect. Dr Body is also intent upon circling the square, having hitherto failed in squaring the circle, although abetted by Mr Shaver Silver, Mr Simcock House, and the author of "*The Ride to Khiva*."

DR FIGURE.—For Mr Gladstone as a woodman, read Mr Gladstone as a "wood man" (*Mort d'Arthure*).



Nevertheless, although the *salmo salar* is preferable to the salmon at the Antipodes, and that (ask "Polkaw") a libbard is something of a leopard, "Dr Figure" is wrong about Zingarelli.

FLAMINGO.—The Laureate's *Idylls of the King* are not derived (*Enid* excepted)—where Geraint, or "Gyron le Courtois," is the hero) from any other source than that of our own Thomas Malory's *Mort d'Arthur*, compiled from the big French prose romances. "Flamingo" can consult all these at the British Museum (King's Library), where she may also consult *Perceval*, the hero of which is no other than Percival, Parcival, or Parafas.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1878.

### Parsifal.



On 'Change.

DR SHIPPING.—I've got *Parsifal*!  
DR QUINCE.—Have you read it?  
DR SHIPPING.—No. Have you got *Parsifal*?  
DR QUINCE.—Yes.  
DR SHIPPING.—Have you read it?  
DR QUINCE.—No.

[Exeunt severally to Turkish and Egyptian.

### Elenchus.



At the Fish and Vulture (Coffee-room).

DR QUEER.—Abraham Sadoke! wake up. I hear that Shoe is about to write an impudent letter to Sir Flamborough.  
DR SILENT (half asleep).—Can't help it, Theophilus—can you?  
DR QUEER.—No; but suppose Head is angered?  
DR SILENT.—Can't help it—can you?  
DR QUEER.—Wake up, or I'll send for Grief.

DR SILENT (drowsily).—Oh! Dr Grief's administering to Sidney Ham, who has been reading *Parsifal*.

DR QUEER.—Why shouldn't he read *Parsifal*?

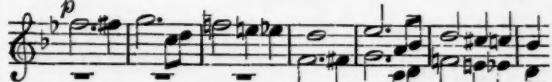
DR SILENT.—Don't know, do you? (sleeps).

DR QUEER.—Sluggard! Never mind, I'll go to the reading-room, and see what Shoe is writing to Head.

(DR SHOE writing in reading-room.)

To SIR FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

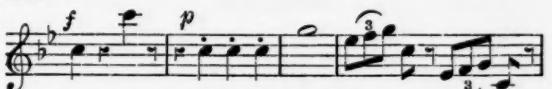
“DEAR HEAD (Dr Queer, unobserved, looking over Shoe),—Say what you please, but



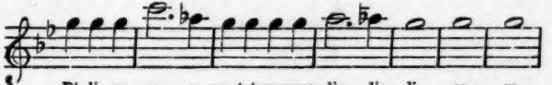
“explains it all. As Mendelssohn said to Chorley, after a trio by Mozart—‘Ah! music then was young!’ Poor Mendelssohn! Poor Chorley! Nevertheless—



“—which Chorley did not know (because he knew not that quartet)—will help you further in the matter. My dear Head, how can you rhapsodise about Goldmark's Symphonic Pantomime? Have you read Kenealy's ‘Goethe—a New Pantomime?’ If not, read it. You will find therein—as John Oxenford, the immortal, used to say—‘Goethe turned inside out.’ A masterpiece, I assure you—in every sense a masterpiece. I need scarcely remind you, as Francis Hueffer might remind you, that ‘Amare plus est quam diligere.’ Gifanias says as much; so does Doletus, and so (passing by Clodius), does Kikeri:—



“—and if you are not satisfied with these authorities, listen to Auctor ad Herrennium (who was not acquainted with Alexander ab Andro):—



Di - li - ge - re o - por - tet, quem ve - lis di - li - ge - re.

“Infamously bad scanning, I admit, but enough to convince you that ‘amare’ is one thing, and ‘diligere’ another. ‘Amare’ would apply to Schubert, and Mozart, and Bennett, and Mendelssohn, and (in your case) to Schumann; but ‘diligere’ (ask August Manns) to anything that may turn up—as, for example, Goldmark's ‘Symphonic Pantomime,’ Liszt's *Mazepa*—



“Raff's *Lenore*, &c. You, dear Head—ask Arthur, still in purgatory, poor fellow (how nice!—are more of the ‘amare’ than of the ‘diligere’ stamp, just as you are more of the ‘lachrymas excise’ than of the ‘risum movere’ (though you can laugh well enough in your sleeve when the *Gradus ad Parnassum* is in question)—ought to understand that the verb ‘surgere’ is an abbreviation of ‘subrigere,’ or ‘surrigere,’ and differs from ‘oriri,’ because it does not imply the origination (ask W. H. Holmes) of any material substance. ‘Flamma surrexit’ is one thing; ‘Flamma orta est’ (ask Ebenezer) is another. I like the compound, ‘adoriri.’ But as to Goldmark:—



“With fewer variations, this, mine own Head, might have passed muster; but thirteen variations on so ostentatiously unprematory a theme are twelve too many. You, however, are of this age one of the topmost humorists (at a giddy height, indeed); and it may be said of you, as was said of an Imperial Roman humorist, not only ‘*Brat salius et facetus*,’ but ‘*Sale, et facetus Caesar vicit omnes*.’

Pass me over some of your salt, and believe me, dear Head (Goldmark's "Symphony"—*Heu cauda!*—notwithstanding), Yours with sincere devotion,  
Taylor Shor."

(Dr QUEER leaves furtively before DR SHOE is aware of his presence, and returns to coffee-room, where DR SILENT still sleeps.)

DR QUEER (in a loud tone).—Silent!

DR SILENT (awakening).—Well?

DR QUEER.—I have seen all Shoo has written; but he did not know I was looking over his shoulder.

DR SILENT.—What has he written?

DR QUEER.—It's all in Latin; I could not decipher.

DR SILENT.—Then why rouse me? I was dreaming of a lobster.

DR QUEER.—A crab for your lobster. You have no curiosity—no desire to learn.

DR SILENT (going off to sleep again).—Humph—no! I haven't.

DR QUEER.—Dolt! Never mind. I'll see to the bottom of this. There is some conspiracy in Latin. Shoe shall not have it all his own way. I will telephone Ap' Mutton.

*Lightning and thunder.*

Mr Ap' Mutton (from the planet Mars).—Disturb me not. I am with Flosshilde! Telephone me not. I will not be telephoned!

DR QUEER.—Master, I quake. May I have Shoe's pen?

Mr Ap' Mutton.—No. I have promised nib to Gortschakoff, feathers to Andrassy. Shut up!

*Terrific tempest.*

DR QUEER.—What to Bismarck?

Mr Ap' Mutton (emitting thunderbolts).—Stamp!

DR QUEER.—Oh! (falls prostrate).

*Schluss Folgt.*

—o—

To Polkaw, Esq.

SIR,—In consequence of your stated desire that contributions from your pen addressed to the King and Beard shall not be viewed much less *re-viewed*, we have the dissatisfaction of informing you that we resign our positions as *super-reviewers* to the literary department of the I O U Club, and that our successor will be Mr Samuel Toper Table. We have communicated our decision to Mr Dishley Peters, Editor of the *Musical World*, and are your obedient servants,

Otto Beard.  
A. S. Silent.  
Septimus Wind.

TO WEIST HILL, ESQ.

DEAR WEIST.—The "Jupiter" performance was equal to that of the "A minor." The spirit of Mozart and Mendelssohn should have been present on both occasions. Thank you, thank your splendid orchestra, thank the spirited Mme Viard Louis; and, before everything else, thank you all for an interpretation of Sterndale Bennett's enchanting *Naiads* that I have never heard surpassed.

GROKER ROORES.

Verdi's quartet in E minor was played a second time at last Saturday's Popular Concert. Next Saturday we are promised a trio by M. Saint-Saëns.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A finer performance than that recently given of Dr Crotch's *Palestine*, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, in Exeter Hall, could hardly be imagined. Equal credit is due to the leading singers (Misses Anna Williams, Ellen Horne, and Julia Elton; Messrs Cummings, Maybrick, and Santley), to the members of the chorus, to the members of the orchestra, and to their distinguished chief, Sir Michael Costa, who took even more pains with the work of the English master than he had done, some time previously, even with his own fine oratorio, *Naaman*, in the same place. We drink to Sir Michael's health in the choicest white port!

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WAGNER has completed the first act of *Parsifal*, of which the libretto is already printed.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, SEN., was one evening at a party in the house of a Paris Bourgeois. A young lady performed one of those difficult pieces which are worthless if not executed to perfection. At the end of the display, the company were in ecstasies. On being asked his opinion, Dumas replied: "She plays like a good Christian." "Why like a good Christian?" "Because her left hand knoweth not what her right hand doeth." (As Dumas knew nothing about music, the story is not bad.—D. P.)

ONE evening when Salvini played Othello in Paris, an enthusiast flung a bank note for a thousand francs on the stage. The audience, ignorant of the nature of the paper, shouted: "Read! read!" One of the actors, picking up the note, read it with a phlegm rendered more comic by his Italian accent:—"Banque de France. Mille francs," etc. He then exchanged a few words "aside" with Salvini, who, advancing to the footlights, said, in his accustomed amiable and persuasive manner:—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—We must not read more of this note, opened by mistake. It is addressed to the Poor." How this explanation was greeted may be easily imagined.

MISS ELLEN WALLACE, daughter of Colonel Wallace, and pupil of Signor Schira, made a highly successful *début* at a concert given in the Royal Albert Hall by the Amateur Musical Society, on Saturday evening, March 2nd. Miss Wallace possesses a *contralto* voice of fine quality and extensive range. Her rendering of "Le parlate d'amore" (*Faust*) was so much admired that she was called back, and sang Mr Cowen's "It was a dream." Miss Wallace is an acquisition to the concert room, and we hope to have further opportunities of hearing her.

CHRISTINE NILSSON has been overwhelmed with favours by her enthusiastic admirers in St Petersburg, among whom the Emperor and Empress of Russia stand conspicuous. These august personages have presented the eminent Swedish artist with valuable presents, in testimony of their admiration of her talent. Among these was a magnificent *parure* of rubies, pearls and diamonds, including broach and ear-rings. The Pittsburgh public have presented her with a complete Samovar service, in chased silver, of 40 pounds weight, and another in silver gilt, enamelled and chased in imitation of the old and greatly prized Russian enamel. (From a Russian Correspondent.)

#### CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR JOHN CROSS, a promising young tenor, gave his second concert in the Grafton Hall, Fitzroy Square, on Monday evening, March 4. Mr Cross sang with his usual taste Offenbach's duet, "I'm an Alsatian" (*Lieschen und Fritzen*), with Miss Bather, Wellington Guernsey's "Life's Young Day," and Mr Clippingdale's "Let us part friends" (re-called). Miss Emma Cooke, who possessed a pleasing *mezzo soprano*, sang (with Mr Cross) Verdi's "Se m'ami ancor" and the popular songs of "Oh, buy my flowers" and "When twilight dews," receiving a genuine encore for the last. Misses Williams, R. Bather, Messrs Hicks, J. Tritton, Rawlings, Newall, and Graham also assisted. The Misses Eaton and Lizzie Dell played pianoforte pieces by Beethoven, Handel, and Sydney Smith. Miss Hewlet and Mr E. Pettit were accompanists.

A CONCERT was given for the proprietor's benefit at the Town Hall, Kilburn, on Monday, March 4th, when Mme Patey, Misses Singleton and Roder, Signors Adelmann and Rocca, and Mr Welby Wallace were the singers. The accompanists were Messrs Bevan, Barth, and Ignace Gibsone. Mme Patey, in Ignace Gibsone's "Sail on, O love," obtained a genuine encore. A like compliment was paid also to Mr Welby Wallace in the same composer's "A message from my lady fair." A charming new song by Sir Julius Benedict was received with great favour. Miss Singleton was heard to advantage in Henry Smart's "Lady of the Lea," as was Mr Barth in Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*. Professor Bevan's duties as conductor and accompanist were multifarious. The concert gave satisfaction to a large and appreciative audience.

A CONCERT was given in the Vestry Hall, Kensington, on behalf of the improvements in St James's Church, Norlands. A well-trained amateur band, under the leadership of Professor Amor (of

the Royal Academy of Music), played the minuet and trio from one of Mozart's best known symphonies, and several part-songs were well rendered by the choir. Mdlle Cronin played Liszt's "Prophète;" Mr Smiles sang a "Pastorelle" by Signor Scuderi (violin *obbligato*, Miss Ware); a Swedish national song was brilliantly rendered by Mdlle Victoria Bunsen; and Mr Trelawny Cobham gave, with taste and expression, Signor Scuderi's "Dormi pur." The band also played the *entr'acte* and gavotte from Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*. Miss Catherine Armstrong sang "Una voce poco fa;" Miss Margaret Bucknall played pieces by Macfarren and Chopin; and Miss Phipps and Mr F. Smiles sang "Cruel porche." Professor Amor's contributions to the programme were a fantasia for the violin on Scotch airs and a new and elegant composition of his own, entitled, "Remebrance d'amore," in which—says a local journal—"he succeeded in not only adding to his fame as a violinist, but in establishing himself as a composer of no mean ability." We must not omit to mention the agreeable style in which Mdlle Victoria Bunsen sang "O patria" (*Tancredi*), and that the concert was brought to a close by a part-song, "Shall e'er my heart" (*Winter*), well rendered by Messrs Green, Hughes, and Thompson.

## PROVINCIAL.

WARRINGTON.—The Musical Society, under the conductorship of Dr Hiles, gave a concert on Feb. 28. The first part consisted of Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*. The second part was miscellaneous. Miss Carina Clelland was the principal vocalist (called after both her songs), and Mr Henry Lawson (first violin of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society) played a solo of his own composition.

DUNDEE.—A conversazione and dress promenade concert, in celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Dundee Amateur Choral Union, took place in Kinnaird Hall, on Thursday evening, Feb. 28. We subjoin the programme:—

Organ Concerto, in B flat (Handel)—Sir Herbert Oakeley; *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, from the Service in E flat major (H. S. Oakeley)—Double Chorus, with Organ Accompaniment. Sir Herbert Oakeley's Address on "Progress of Music in Scotland. Music to the story of *Little Snowdrop*, for Soprano and Contralto Soli, Chorus of Female Voices, and Pianoforte (composed by Carl Reinecke)—Mr T. S. Ross read the poetry connecting the music; Rev. Dr Watson's Address, "The Twelfth Anniversary of the Choral Union;" Part Song and Chorus, "Evening and Morning"—performed at the inauguration of the National Memorial to H.R.H. the Prince Consort at Edinburgh, 17th August, 1876—(H. S. Oakeley); Glee, "From Oberon in Fairy Land" (R. T. S. Stevens); Glee, "The Fern and the Foxglove" (J. R. Dürner); Glee, "The Sisters of the Sea" (W. Jackson); "God save the Queen." Sir Herbert Oakeley presided, and Mr Nagel conducted.

HALIFAX.—At the Philharmonic Society's concert on Tuesday evening, Feb. 26th, Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion" and Beethoven's Choral Fantasia were given. The cantata was finely rendered, and Beethoven's fantasia—the pianoforte part being entrusted to so skilful an executant as Dr Allison, one of the most gifted pupils of Mr W. H. Holmes, of our Royal Academy of Music—was all that could be desired. The second part, "Miscellaneous," included Blumenthal's "The Message" well sung by Mr Binns; Benedict's "Rage, thou angry storm," by Mr Rickard (encored); and Liszt's fantasia on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, played by Dr Allison, who, on being re-called, substituted Thalberg's "Home, sweet home."

PLYMOUTH.—The second concert of the Plymouth Vocal Association was held at the Guildhall on Wednesday evening, Feb. 27th, the first part being devoted to Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Miss Catherine Penna and Mdlle Osborne Williams as principal vocalists, and Mr W. H. K. Wright as "reader." The band was led by Mr Pardew, and Mr F. N. Lohr conducted. In the second part the band played Auber's overture to *Fra Diavolo*, and the march from *Tannhäuser*. Some well-known glees and madrigals by Caldicot, with part-songs by Mendelssohn, Macfarren, Hatton, and Muller were sung by the choir. Mr Martin played a solo on the flute, by Boehm; Mdlle Osborne Williams sang "Che farò" and the "The Lady of the Lea," Miss Penna selecting "From mighty kings" and "Una voce poco fa," which the audience would fain have heard again but for the lateness of the hour.

SOUTHPORT.—On Saturday last a special concert was given at the Winter Gardens, which attracted a large audience. The artists were Miss Mary Cummings and Mr Wilford Morgan (vocalists), Mr Lily (solo cornet), Mr Bartle (solo pianoforte), and the Pavilion Orchestra under the able direction of Mr A. Gwyllim Crowe. Miss Cummings (her second appearance at the Winter Gardens) was in capital voice, and met with well deserved success. Her contributions to the programme were "Nobil Signor," Henry Smart's charming ballad, "The Lady of the Lea," sung with rare expression (encored),

and the "Lost Chord," which was also encored. Mr Wilford Morgan gave his own ballad, "My sweetheart when a boy," with charming effect, and was unanimously re-called. He was equally successful in "Come into the garden, Maud" and "The Bay of Biscay," the last named declaimed with immense spirit. The concert and pianoforte solos met with general approval, more especially the solo of Mr Bartle, a finished executant.—(From a correspondent.)

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Morning Post* speaks as follows about Mdlle Arabella Goddard's performance of Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in F minor at the last Philharmonic Concert:—

"The second concert of the season given by the Philharmonic Society last night was in every respect most successful. The increased numbers in the band have brought increased power and effect, and the result was a truly excellent representation of the several works composing the programme. Chief among the instrumental pieces performed was Sterndale Bennett's beautiful Concerto in F minor, the pianoforte part being taken on this occasion by Mdlle Arabella Goddard. There are few among the many pieces by many authors which the accomplished pianist includes in her *répertoire* in which she is more at home than in this concerto, and it was therefore perfectly refreshing to hear the manifold beauties of the work brought out with a special and appreciative care. The whole work was given in the best style, and the audience, silent and interested during the performance, accorded the fair player a perfect ovation at the conclusion, a recognition probably intended to comprise an estimate of the well-directed labour of the band likewise."

The same journal speaks as follows of Mr Wingham's new concert-overture, introduced not long ago by Mr Manns at the Crystal Palace concerts:—

"At the thirteenth Saturday concert at the Crystal Palace the selection commenced with a new concert-overture by Mr T. Wingham, one of the pupils of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett at the Royal Academy of Music, and a musician already favourably known to fame through the medium of several important compositions, of which it is only necessary to specify his Symphony in B flat and his *Antwerp Mass*. Mr Wingham belongs to the younger class of English musicians, who attempt to uphold the *prestige* of native art without following slavishly in the steps of German musical free-thinkers; in his case, as may be readily imagined, the influence of Bennett is apparent, though it extends no further than a tendency to refinement of ideas and care for their symmetrical evolution. The concert-overture in F, the fourth of Mr Wingham's productions of this class, is characterized throughout by an easy flow of melody, a graceful and effective contrast of the leading themes, and a skilful employment of the orchestra. Taking Gray's lines, commencing 'Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,' Mr Wingham has constructed an elegant and interesting little musical poem, obviously unpretentious in its aim, but expressing a delicate vein of sentiment in a very happy manner. Such a production deserves to take place amongst concert-overtures—a field of effort in which Mr Wingham will not need to be reminded of the triumphs won by Mendelssohn, and by that other Mendelssohn, our own Sterndale Bennett. The new overture was most carefully played by the Crystal Palace orchestra, and the audience manifested a strong inclination to compliment the author in proper person. Mr Wingham, however, did not appear."

## ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

## THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 7th:—

Organ Concerto, in G major ...	...	...	...	Bach.
Prelude, in D flat major, Op. 28	...	...	...	Chopin.
Fugue (The Bell Fugue)	...	...	...	W. R. Bexfield.
Tema con Variazioni, from the Serenade for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello	...	...	...	Beethoven.
Allegretto, in F minor	...	...	...	Th. Salomé.
Finale—"Jubeltüne, Heldenäöhne" ( <i>Euryanthe</i> )	...	...	...	Weber.

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 9th:—

Variations on a Chorale	...	...	...	Bach.
Romanza, in G major, Op. 56	...	...	...	Alex. Fesca.
Organ Concerto, in B flat major	...	...	...	Handel.
Canzonetta from the First Quartet	...	...	...	Mendelssohn.
Allegretto Cantabile, in F major	...	...	...	Lefébure Wély.
Finale—Allegro Vivace	...	...	...	G. Morandi.

## SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

On Friday, March 1, a performance of Dr Crotch's *Palestine*, composed in 1811, took place at one of the concerts of the above society. It was not until two years ago that amateurs of the present generation had an opportunity of hearing the entire work performed. All thanks are, therefore, due to those who then brought an oratorio by an English composer to light, and who have again revived it. That *Palestine* will ever become what is commonly known as "popular" with the general public is open to doubt. Catching melodies and taking airs there are few. Yet to the musician the work will always commend itself. Possessed of deep musical knowledge, and thorough acquaintance with all modes of expression in vogue at that period, Dr Crotch wrote with the fluency of a great master. Always free and unconstrained, the themes are generally treated most effectively; we say generally, for the work appears to suffer at times from want of elaboration. Short numbers of the same tone-colouring following each other produce a feeling of weariness, which the audience showed most unmistakably to be their impression by leaving in masses before the conclusion of the oratorio. That Dr Crotch possessed the means to rectify this no one after hearing "Then the harp awoke," or the last chorus, "Hallelujah," could doubt. The performance, on the whole, was efficient.

The chorus appeared hardly up to this season's form. At times the leads were not taken up with decision; an instance of this might be cited in "Let Sinai tell." The band, on the contrary, fully maintained their usual excellence. Of the principals, upon whom a great part of the work devolved, little can be said in censure, and much in praise. Miss Anna Williams, who took the principal soprano music, sang the trying airs allotted to her carefully and well. The part appeared hardly to suit her; although not passing beyond the legitimate range of a soprano, yet it is high and sustaining. Miss Williams would do well to avoid, if possible, this style of music. She was heartily and deservedly applauded for "No more your thirsty rocks," while Miss Ellen Horne did good service in the small part which fell to her share, while Miss Julia Elton brought more than the needed knowledge and experience requisite for her very light task. Mr Cummings sang the rather thankless tenor music like a true artist; "Vengeance, thou fiery wing," being given vigorously and effectively. Mr Maybrick, upon whom devolved the bass music of the first part, seemed hardly in voice. The several solos were, however, given by him in a careful and painstaking manner. Mr Santley, who undertook the remaining bass music, was more successful, the part appearing to suit his style and voice; the only success of the evening being made in "Ah! fruitful now no more," which was encored. Sir Michael Costa conducted with all his accustomed skill and zeal.

F. L.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.  
(To the Editor of the "Freeman.")

SIR.—In your notice of a recent performance of Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, you state that "this work has never been hitherto performed with anything like completeness in our city." Now, the work in question was produced, for the first time in the British dominions, on the 10th of February, 1854, under my direction, in the Concert Rooms, Great Brunswick Street, Dublin, with full orchestra and chorus of 200 performers, including the following eminent artists: Mrs Smith, Miss Julia Cruise, Miss Kean, Miss F. Cruise, Mr Gustavus Geary, Mr Richard W. Smith, and Mr T. Ferdinand Glover. That its first performance was worthy the occasion can readily be understood from the fact of its being imperatively demanded by the public a second time; and, in accordance with such demand, was performed again on the 8th of March following. It is not in my province to quote any of the high encomiums expressed by the Dublin journals of all shades of opinion; they can be referred to at the above dates; and many of them were translated into the Leipsic journals of the time. I received at that time a letter from Schumann, through his amanuensis, he being ill at the time, thanking me for what he was pleased to call the excellent performance of the work. The orchestra on that occasion consisted of nearly all the most eminent performers in this country, led by Mr Levey, and was complete in every department. Excuse me for trespassing on you; but I think it due to the above honoured artists—many of whom have gone to their long home—that their services should be acknowledged. The moral sentiment, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," holds good here as well as in our social system. In fine, I would express a hope that it is not necessary to the welfare of a new society to ignore or speak slightly of the claims of others in the same direction. In giving every credit to the late performance of the work, and to its energetic and talented conductor, I merely wish to inform the public that it was not, as stated, the first worthy performance of Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* in Dublin.—Yours faithfully,

14, Talbot Street, Feb. 28.

W. GLOVER.

## Sampshire.\*

## I.

The night is wild, the night is drear,  
Upon the church sit kites and crows;  
With feathers toss'd, they're crouching  
Together as the dark wind blows. [near  
Each hugs his head down in his wings,  
The upraised beak smells ev'ry blast.  
Until the bell, harsh-grating, swings  
To the growing storm as it surges past.

But now the stones begin to shake,  
To tremble, fast doth fall the mould,  
At length longburied echoes wake  
Within. The old stark bell has toll'd.

No sooner do the first sounds stray  
Than uprise all the birds together  
Outpointing seawards bear away  
And vanish in the turbid weather.

And still the clanging tongue doth toll,  
Plunging amid the whirling gust,  
With dismal tone as if some soul  
Were being borne to the quiet dust.

## II.

Strange laughter rings out on the sea  
To-night. A quivering hulk doth fly  
Before the gale, and revelry  
Upon her wrecking form is high.

Beneath, on deck, some crazy wights  
Frenziedly drink and leap and sing,  
Above, to the yards, some crows and  
kites  
Grotesquely blown, all huddled cling.

And as the crashing heavens roar  
And the vasty floods heave higher and higher,  
The lightning like a streak of gore,  
Sets them the bowl they quaff on fire.

## III.

The sky in dense clouds rolleth mysterious  
And lurid sharp lights flare on us fitfully,  
Which make our faces pale beneath them  
Come let us sing though all be chaos!

We pant, we parch! Quick, dash the great liquor out  
It burns! The blue flames frisk up in forkedness  
And leap about our wet lips laughing:  
Down with it! Dancing we'll drink for ever.

What do ye grim birds, drowning and desolate?  
The bowl has burnt down, guesomely flickering!  
More lightning! SO! A silver splash! Let's  
Laugh in the face of the fiend of tempests.

\* \* \* \* \*

Storm driven, frightfully desolate!

## IV.

The sad and solitary sun doth float  
'Mid the harmonic halo round him gleaming:  
I looking up from out my mouldering boat  
'Gainst which the placid sparkling sea is streaming.

The beams on ev'ry face fall greenly white,  
Their oozing hair and beard-all-brackish glisten  
Grown to long lengths in this endless night,  
Silent and stiff and cold they seem to listen.

Hopeless I gaze upon the desert sky:  
Can ye not rot! O stony useless corse?  
Some carrion kite might keep me company,  
To love though I became his last resources.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lonely and frightfully desolate!

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Like one that sightheth after deepest sleep,  
A distant night wind moans the last's death-dirges:

'Tis blessed dawn; again the breezes sweep

—And in grey restlessness the ocean surges.

## V.

Careless spring flies o'er the land  
Cruel summer passes by:  
Then billows grow big on the strand  
As winter sets on sea and sky.

And nights grow wild and nights  
grow drear  
And on the church sit kites and crows  
With feathers toss'd all crouching near  
Together as the dark wind blows.

\* Copyright.

Polkaw.

MUNICH.—Herr Max Zenger's opera, *Wieland der Schmidt*, is accepted at the Theatre Royal. Moreover, the *Nibelungen Trilogy* will figure among the novelties of next season. The order in which the different parts of the *Trilogy* will be given is: *Siegfried*, *Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, and *Die Gotterdämmerung*. Why *Siegfried* first? Are they afraid of the other three?

## BEETHOVEN'S FAMOUS LOVE LETTER.

(Continued from page 136.)

There is a letter from Beethoven to Brunswick, proposing to visit him in Pesth, *printed* with the date, May 14, 1806, which might be strong evidence in favour of that year; but unfortunately the true date is 1807, and so adds to our difficulty; for it is known that on the 22d July (and for some days, at least, before), 1807, he was in Baden; and there is nothing *thus far* to prove, that he could not have made the proposed visit and returned to Baden from Hungary in season to have written the love-letter on the 6th and 7th of that month. If, however, the date of a correspondence with Simrock concerning the purchase of certain works, could be accurately determined, there is little doubt that this would solve the problem satisfactorily. If this correspondence belongs in the year 1806, it seems quite impossible to escape the otherwise very improbable conclusion that the letter was written in Baden in 1807.

The late head of the house Simrock told the writer some years since, that Beethoven's letters to his father had been stolen;\* there remained therefore only the hope that the old letter-books of the firm might afford the desired information. Not until July, 1871, when it was too late to use any new material in Vol. II., was it possible for the author to revisit Bonn, and to request of the present proprietor of the business permission to have those books examined, and any passages to his purpose copied for him. His request was most kindly granted, and the passages printed in the text soon after forwarded. To his great satisfaction, the most important of these bears the date, May 31, 1807. This and the letter which follows in the text proves that Beethoven passed both the months, June and July, 1807, in Baden, and made no "terrible journey," with four horses, in a "bottomless by-road" where his carriage broke down. The conclusion is evident and irresistible; there is an error of one day in Beethoven's date. The letter was written in that summer which he spent partly in Hungary and partly in Silesia. There is no other in all the years from 1800 to 1815 in which the letter could have been written in the first days of July—all known facts and probabilities concur in this. This discussion has also a still more important end in view than the mere determination of the date of a love-letter; it is to serve as the basis of a vindication of the manliness of Beethoven's character, which just now is loudly called for.

The contributor† of Beethoven's "Letters to Gleichenstein" to Westermann's *Monatssheft* (1865), learned from Gleichenstein's widow, that the composer once offered his hand to her sister, Therese Malfatti. Upon this circumstance, combined with various remarks and allusions in those letters, he based a whimsical hypothesis, which, in course of the various uses to which he has turned that correspondence, has assumed in his mind the aspect of undoubted fact, and been repeatedly given to the public as such. We have no fear that any other writer of reputation has so accepted it, nor, on the other hand, do we know that any one has thought it worth refuting. But it has now become far two widely current to be longer passed by in silence.

"Beethoven," says that writer, "fell in love with the dark-brown Therese," who, "although now, 1807, only fourteen years old, was physically fully developed." \* \* \* "His passion developed itself with equal suddenness and vehemence; but was neither then nor later returned by the young maiden. This matter was evidently for the family somewhat unpleasant, for the passionate regard of this half deaf, more-than-thirty-six-year-old, most whimsical man for the fourteen-year-old girl, could not, as time passed on, be otherwise than distasteful."

"Very well; I hope here be truths!" says the clown in *Measure for Measure*. Remember, that this was the year of the Mass in C, and of the C minor Symphony, and now, look on this picture: Beethoven, the mighty Master, inspired with and working out compositions, which stir the soul to its profoundest depths! And then on this:—

"The lover, sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow."

\* Since his death they have been discovered.

† L. Nohl.

Or, if preferred, oppose to the first picture this:—

A "half deaf, most eccentric Corydon of more than thirty-six years" wandering where "amid mosses soft ripples in crystal flow the brook," vainly piping in melancholy strains, to this cruel, "early developed and early beloved fourteen-year-old" Phyllis!

Grant for the moment, that this last pleasing picture of Beethoven in 1807, be true;—still, the wildest imagination, the most illogical mind, can by no possible contempt of reason and probability pretend that the letter of July 6th and 7th, 1806, can have been addressed to the Therese of thirteen years.

Still another hypothesis or conjecture must be noticed and, if possible, refuted, which otherwise might at some future time be accepted as true by some writer:—

"Of a free, intellectual, indeed eminent artistic activity, To whom the deeper and true sources of German opinion and culture in an art, like Music, have remained sealed, and who rightly comprehends the German character, Who does not forget, that it is just this beautiful habit of the artist of keeping himself with his whole soul close to Nature and to her equally mysteriously powerful and involuntary impulses, which lends him the power to exhibit these forces and impulses in his art, Who is no shallow *aboy* [*bornirter Philister*], that with the austere morality of historic investigation, will sit in judgment upon the finest and most individual tissues of human nature, Who is wholly free from that austere morality, which is perceptible in Jahn's *Mozart*—in the presence of which the Muse of Art forever veils her benignant countenance—that austere morality so much bepraised, which views mankind from the point of duty alone, Who never in his writings produces the impression of a pedantic investigation of moral character, and of a certain unpleasant ethical censorship, as is the case in O. Jahn's *Mozart*, Who is also totally free from a certain conventional narrowness of view, which blushes at that which is most human in man, and therefore is unable to understand, how any one can lay bare all the weaknesses, errors, and even the moral lapses of a great, that is, a real man, Who holds himself far from conventional pedantry, or rather prudery, and ever demands the frankest publicity." \*

(To be continued.)

## BRUSSELS.

(Correspondence.)

Wagner boasts of many admirers in this capital, and the revival of *Lohengrin* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie has excited great commotion among them. The reception of the opera was not quite enthusiastic; but they profess themselves content. They say that rapt attention is preferable to frantic applause. Mad. Furech-Madier was Elsa; Mad. Bernardi, Ortrud; M. Tournié, Lohengrin; M. Devoyod, Fredrich von Tellramund; M. Dauphin, the King; and M. Joseph Dupont, conductor; the last being not the least difficult part to sustain. Chorus, weak and uncertain; hand, good; *mise-en-scène*, ditto. The Paris press was well represented on the first night.

CAGNONI'S *Francesca Da Rimini* has been well received at the Teatro Reggio, Turin—and this despite a bad libretto and a performance anything but good.

LEIPZIG.—Señor Sarasate has been playing with great success at the Gewandhaus and the Stadttheater. Herr Ludwig Papier, born in this town the 26th February, 1829, and organist at the Thomaskirche since 1869, died on the 13th ult.

BERLIN.—Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito* was selected for the gala performance at the Operahouse on the occasion of the double Royal wedding, for which Carl Eckert composed a new *Fackeltanz*. The Duke of Meiningen was liberal in his distribution of orders, crosses, and medals. On Eckert, Paul Tagioni, and Stranz, he bestowed the Knights Cross of his House-Order; on Herren Niemann and Betz, the Cross of Merit for Art and Science; on Mad. von Vogenhuber, Mdles. Brandt and Lehmann, the Golden, and on Mdle Horina the Silver Medal.

\* If any one takes this for a fancy sketch of character made by the present writer, let him look into an article by L. Nohl, in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* of December 15 and 22, 1871, whence these citations are made, and see that gentleman's opinions given there at length of the style of man fit for the work of a biographer.

## SCRAPS ABOUT THE GOLDEN CROSS.

At the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, on the 4th inst., two novelties passed over the boards very successfully. The first was *Das goldene Kreuz* by Ignaz Brüll. Both text and music are distinguished by unpretentiousness, which, in the latter scenes, rises to graceful hilarity. In Mademoiselle Ehn and Dillner, Herren Walter, Mayrhofer, and Scaria, the opera found admirable exponents, and the composer was repeatedly recalled.—*Berlin Echo*, 12th Oct., 1876.

On Wednesday the 4th October, Brüll's opera, *Das goldene Kreuz*, on its way to the various theatres of Germany, reached the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, and appeared before the numerous audience assembled to receive it in the pleasing and taking form inherent to it, the consequence being that it soon captivated the hearts of those present, and was greeted by loud and enthusiastic approbation in a house where, as a rule, only grand operas by Wagner, Meyerbeer, &c., celebrate their triumphs. Every number met with liberal applause, especially the first *finale*, and Bombardon's song in the second act, which latter had to be repeated. At the termination of the first act, Brüll was obliged to appear before the curtain four times, and three at the end of the second. The performance, under Hans Richter's admirable direction, was excellent and well-rounded off. Mademoiselle Ehn (Christine) and Dillner (Thérèse) sang and acted extremely well, while Herr Scaria may reckon Sergeant Bombardon among his most successful characters. Herren Walter (Gontran) and Mayrhofer (Colas) completed most effectively the admirable ensemble.—*Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, No. 41, 12th Oct., 1876.

Herr Ignaz Brüll has, in compliance with an invitation addressed to him, started for Stuttgart and Frankfort, to take part as a pianist in a concert in the first-named city, where his opera, *Das goldene Kreuz*, was produced on the 6th March, and in the next Museum Concert at Frankfort.—*Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, No. 8, March 8th, 1877.

According to a statistical return in the *N. B. M. Z.* of 12th July, 1877, *Das goldene Kreuz* was performed twelve times at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, during the season of its production. It was performed eight times in Berlin.

*Das goldene Kreuz* is definitely accepted for next season at the Court Theatres of Vienna, Coburg, Darmstadt, and the Stadttheater of Bremen, Dantzig, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and Hamburg. Negotiations, moreover, are pending with the theatres in Brunswick, Carlruhe, Schwerin, Munich, Königsberg, Magdeburg, and Würzburg.—*From Neue Berliner M. Z.*, 6th July, 1876.

*Das goldene Kreuz* was produced at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, on the 14th May, 1876, with extraordinary success. The composer was called on three times amid rapturous applause. His portrait is in all the shop windows.—*Dresden paper*.

—  
WAIFS.

The Teatro Bellini, Naples, was opened with *I Puritani*.  
Herren Wilhelmj and Leopold Auer are expected at Pesth.

The Italian season at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin, commences on the 14th.

In consequence of bad business the Teatro Pagliano, Florence, has been closed.

Herr Walter of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, has undertaken a concert tour in Germany.

Herr Adalbert von Goldschmidt will shortly produce his oratorio, *Die Sieben Todsünden*, in Hanover.

Mad. Peschka-Leutner and Herr E. Gura are engaged for the Schleswig-Holstein Music Festival next June.

A new opera, *Die Montenegriner*, music by Herr Bendl, words by Herr J. O. Vesely, has been forbidden at Pesth.

The King of the Belgians has conferred the Commander's Cross of the Order of Leopold on Herr Taubert, of Berlin.

Herr Schubert, the violoncellist and energetic director of the Schubert Society, has been playing in Paris and the Hague.

Herr Franz Diener, the tenor, has been compelled by ill-health to relinquish his engagement at the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

Herr William Müller, second "heroic" tenor at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, has been "starring" at Hamburg and Bremen.

Gritzammer, it is said, will be official successor at St Petersburgh to Davidoff, who has disabled his left hand. Both are great and legitimate violincellists.

The members of the "Cecilia Quartet"—Mesdes Aman and Elise Weinlich, Mar, Stresow, and Ch. Deckner—have been giving concerts at Copenhagen.

The programme of the last Gürzenich Concert at Cologne contained works by seven living composers: Brahms, Bruch, Franz, Grieg, Hiller, Sarasate, and Seiss.

The next novelty at the Royal Opera, Berlin, will be Herr J. J. Abert's *Ekkehard*, now in active rehearsal. It is long since we have heard anything about Herr Abert, who promised so well.

Mr Henry Irving, as president for the year of the Perry Barr Institute, near Birmingham, delivered an address last evening on "The Art of Acting." Mr Irving vindicated the utility of acting as a help to the understanding of Shakspeare, and spoke at some length on the present condition of the stage, the tone of which, he contended, had been lowered by the adaptation of French plays, the essential characteristic of which was that they made a mock of domestic purity. Managers, no doubt, endeavoured to suit the tastes of the day; but the public had a right to exact of theatrical managers a certain scrupulousness which had not always been forthcoming. As an instance of what might be accomplished in the way of raising the public taste, Mr Irving pointed to the success of Mr Phelps' Shaksperian revivals during his long management of Sadler's Wells Theatre, "where formerly there had been nothing but clowning and spectacle."

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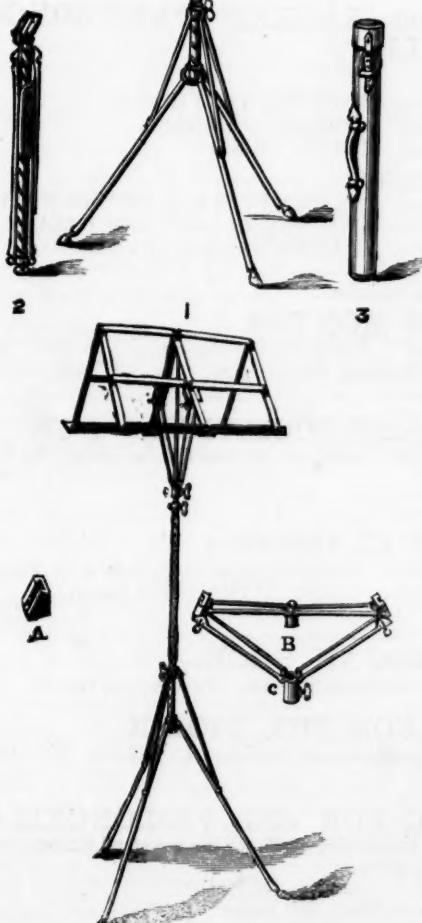
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